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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

30 CENTS

VOL. 41

MAY, 1977

NUMBER 5



—Photo by Blaine Barton

NOV 77
MISS M. E. P. PARSONS
200 HARTMAN AVE.
ST. LOUIS, MO 64505

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)
MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

Subscription Price \$3.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$3.50 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly at
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends, Old and New:

I think of this as Mother's page and I know that she very much enjoys writing to our family friends, but this month she asked me to take her usual space so I could give you a report on Emily's wedding, an event that she had been unable to attend.

Good housekeepers will get a little shudder when I say that I couldn't even get started on this letter until I could find my office model typewriter! Anything that large shouldn't be hard to spy right off the bat, but there is a reasonable explanation for the search.

A week ago I did the most drastic housecleaning that I've ever experienced, and the reason for all of this was Emily's wedding. On March 12th she became the bride of Richard DiCicco, and since she has spent around a year and a half here in Albuquerque attending the University Graduate School, it seemed only logical to be married where her many friends could participate in events that go with a wedding.

Jed and I have spent much time with them during this last year and I cannot honestly say that it came as a jolt to us when they told us they planned to be married. We had had all of this time to get well acquainted with Richard (we call him Rich) and enjoyed him tremendously. We were absolutely delighted to think of Rich joining our big family clan.

Rich followed through on something that many young people do not trouble themselves with in this day and age. He wrote a very proper letter to Wayne and Abigail asking for their daughter's hand in marriage. They had met him at an earlier time and were most happy to grant this permission. And immediately following their reply, Emily and Rich flew to New York City so the DiCicco family could meet Emily. It was during this trip to New York that a date was set for the wedding and as much was planned as could be managed at that time.

Jed and I had volunteered to have the reception at our home, and I knew right from the very beginning that I would be in ceaseless motion. The only time I wasn't

moving was when I hit the bed at night — and later than I usually go to bed too!

While Emily was busy working out details involved with Saint Mark's on-the-Mesa Church (an Episcopal church not too many miles from our home), I was busy lining up carpet cleaners, upholstery cleaners and professional window washers. There are large areas of windows in our home and I had been threatening for a long time to have the outside treated with acid to remove the accumulation of alkaline deposits. This seemed the perfect excuse to get that big job done. (James and Katharine were so shocked when they got home from school and saw those windows that they thought we had had all brand-new windows installed!)

Time was speeding by far too swiftly to the appointed date when Jed had to make an emergency trip to Massachusetts. He is the executor of his mother's estate and he positively had to grab a plane and go — no way out. I was really shook up by this since I had depended a great deal on his help with some of the major cleaning.

But good fortune came swooping in when Aunt Margery and Uncle Oliver arrived. (As I'm sure you know, they are both now retired and able to come and go as they please.) They had been in Arizona and now were headed towards Iowa, but when they found that Jed was totally unable to do anything about major cleaning and yard projects, they volunteered to stay and see me through. No one ever arrived at a more opportune time since I put Jed on a plane one day and the Stroms turned up the next day.

When Aunt Marge heard what was coming up in such short order she started to lunge after cleaning equipment so she could get started at once, but I explained that we would have to wait until the very last possible minute because of our spring dust storms. Those of you who have been in the Southwest in March will understand. The winds can come up in five minutes and blow sixty miles an hour for a day or more. This means piles (huge piles) of sand and dust everywhere — including the house!

Finally, the Monday before the wedding we crossed our fingers for good weather and started in on the house. My mother has said (diplomatically, you understand) that I'm not the world's best housekeeper — and I am the VERY first to agree. Somehow I just didn't seem to catch on in real good fashion.

However, when Aunt Marge and Uncle Oliver and I got through the house was spotless.

During this period Emily would call to keep us up to date on her plans. Every single time she called it was to tell us that another out-of-town relative or friend had accepted the invitation to the

wedding. The reception was growing from a probable 34 people to over 60 people. At that point I started clearing off every single inch of space where people could put down plates. (All of my carefully thought out plans for a beautiful sit-down dinner had flown right through the windows when we hit 30 people. That was also when my typewriter was stowed away at the very bottom of a closet!)

From this point on things moved very smoothly until the actual day of the wedding. Jed still wasn't home, but he called to say that he would be in Albuquerque at 11:30 in the morning of the wedding day. We had had the rehearsal and rehearsal dinner the night before and I was truly sorry that Jed had missed this very festive occasion, but I concealed my disappointment that at least he would get to the wedding itself.

I tore out to the airport (quite a drive) to get Jed and saw the ominous sign next to his flight on the arrival board that said: SEE AGENT. Sure enough, the plane was late. I drove all the way back to the airport in the afternoon to get Jed, and who should be there but Rich and Emily's brother, Clark Driftmier. It was then that we discovered in almost total disbelief that Rich's parents, the DiCiccios, were on the same plane!!! Jed and Rich's parents had flown across the country together never dreaming that they were all on the same plane.

Clark was standing around in the condition that overtakes everyone who feels that an entire situation is hopeless. He was to be an usher, his suit was in the lost luggage department, and when I tell you that Clark is 6 feet, five inches and weighs around 180 pounds you can see that borrowing a suit was just plain out of question.

We got Jed's luggage (thank goodness IT wasn't lost) and headed home as fast as possible. I still had to get dressed and get the children dressed in what they now call their big wedding outfits, but when we arrived at the front door we found that the fool-proof latch had been broken and no amount of jiggling and twisting would induce the door to open. Jed had to break the latch on one of the living room windows to get in, and it was now THREE in the afternoon and we were to be in the church in one hour. My nerves weren't in shreds because I didn't have a nerve left to get shredded.

Somehow we all got ready (Clark had been able to borrow a suit from one of Rich's friends) and headed to the church.

The wedding service was very beautiful. Emily was calm and collected, and words simply cannot do justice to how radiantly lovely she looked. Aunt Abigail (her mother) had made her long white dress, and Emily had sewn on the most exquisite handmade lace that I

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Since last writing to you, Betty and I have gone through the agonies of making a decision about buying a lovely house down on the Rhode Island shore ten miles from Betty's parental home. The final decision made on a cold, windy, rainy day was not to buy it. We decided that any house we bought now should be one that we would live in after we retired some years from now, and it was our considered judgment that this particular house, while ideal for a summer place, was not an ideal place to use in retirement. So that you will appreciate what a hard decision this was for us, let me describe the house.

First of all, it was in Rhode Island, a state we love above all others. It was just one-half mile from the beach on a lovely, wooded lane lined with beautiful homes of modest size. It was only 300 yards from a large inlet of the ocean called Charlestown Pond, a perfect body of water for sailing and fishing, and it was only one-fourth mile from another large inlet famous as a racing area for sailboats. Sitting on a one-acre lot behind a picturesque New England stone wall, the house was surrounded by beautiful flowering trees and shrubs. Don't you wonder now how we could resist it?

The house had an adequate kitchen large enough for a breakfast dining area, a twenty-four- by fourteen-foot living room with fireplace, a dining room the same size, and two big bedrooms each with its own bathroom. There was a large sundeck on the rear of the house overlooking the garden, and a fine attached garage. Why did we not buy it when the price was right? Well, as Betty said, "It is an adorable dollhouse, but who wants to live in a dollhouse all of the time?"

When we do retire, we are going to need at least three bedrooms, and that would mean we would have to build onto the house. We now live in a large house, and we wonder how we could ever fit into a small cottage. Then there was the matter of the view. That cute little house with its lovely garden was so close to the water, and yet it had no view of the water! Betty and I both love to look at the ever-changing hues of the water, and we love to watch boats. We think it would have become torture for us to live so close to the ocean and yet not be able to see it from the house. We have decided to wait. One day we shall find what we want.

Last week we took ninety members of our church in two big buses to visit the Boston Flower Show. That particular flower show used to be one of the very splendid ones in the entire country, but we learned to our sorrow that it is not what it used to be. There were crowds



Our whole Driftmier clan was excited when we received this first snapshot of Christopher David Palo taken when he was just about 10 days old. Isabel looks mighty happy here but it won't be long until she'll begin to wonder impatiently just how soon he'll be leaving so she can have everything to suit herself. Christopher is Betty's and Frederick's first grandson.

and crowds of people but more people than flowers! Of course there were some beautiful exhibits, but not nearly as many as in years past. Frankly, it was too commercial for my taste.

We had told our tour of South Church people to be at the main gate of the show at 2:30 P.M. for the trip home, but by 12:30 P.M. most of us were ready to leave. My associate and I quickly put our heads together and decided to rally the group and depart for the Boston Aquarium where we would visit the marine exhibits for an hour and a half and then leave from there. We had the flower show officials announce over the loudspeaker system that all of our people were to meet at the main entrance within twenty minutes. Wouldn't you know! About one-half of the group never did hear the announcement! Betty and I and one or two others ran through the crowds looking for our people, and finally after much delay we did get them together and off we went.

As it turned out, our tour group enjoyed the aquarium more than the flower show. About half of the group went aboard a ship tied up at the aquarium wharf where we had the fun of watching a show put on by some trained seals. I have seen many such shows in my life, and never before had I seen seals stubbornly refuse to do some of the tricks.

On the way home from Boston, we stopped at a very famous old New England inn for dinner. Some of you may have eaten at the Public House in Sturbridge, Mass., and you know what good food we had. I just love hot pecan rolls right out of the oven, and we were served those in quantity. The clam chowder was excellent. One of the nice things about that dinner was the fact

that the Public House was ready for us, and our group of ninety was served immediately. How glad I am that we were riding in buses and not in cars, for it snowed the entire way up and back. It was one of those late spring storms for which New England is justly famous.

The junior choir of our church has in it thirty girls, and just ten boys. To keep those boys interested, I occasionally take the boys on special outings. Of course, I do some nice things for girls, too, but since there are so few boys, I can do more for them. You will remember that last year I took these same choir boys to New York City by jet plane. This month I took them in our fifteen-passenger church bus to the Mystic Marine Museum down on shore at Mystic, Connecticut. It was a beautiful spring day, and the boys had a great time. What young people like best of all is being taken to a nice place to eat and being told that they can order just what they want. I always hold my breath — and my pocketbook!

You know by now that Betty and I did not go to New Zealand this spring. We had thought some about it, but things did not work out the way we had hoped. It would have meant leaving right after the Easter Sunday services, flying for twenty-four hours to get there, spending just ten days there and then flying right back. It was a bit too rushed a trip, and it began to look as though we would be more tired than rested from the experience. We had to return immediately because of the approach of our Annual Meeting here at the church, and because of a speech I had to give in the community. Our present plan is to go to New Zealand some January when we can stay at least three weeks and be

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Tell It Like It Is!

A Mother-Daughter Banquet Program

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Mother-Daughter programs sometimes tend to get a bit tearful and emotional, so let's try to make this a real fun time by setting the affair up as a light-hearted spoof on T.V. commercials for products used in the home.

The sets for the color T.V. commercials are often glittering and glamorous, often eye-catching and "far out", so as decorations are planned we can do something of each to come up with an unusual party.

DECORATIONS

On the entrance door place a huge poster illustrated with beautiful and exotic women and adorable little girls, the caption reading: "This night the most beautiful women in the world will pass through this doorway." Perhaps someone, costumed as a footman, might be waiting at the door to announce each guest in a formal manner. Then the footman's manner changes quickly and he (she) says, "Come on in and find yourself a chair!"

You can make your room setting lovely with formal flower arrangements and candlelight, with punch being served as guests arrive.

TABLE DECORATIONS

Spring flowers are always lovely decorations, but you can add some theme touches, too. Placemats can be cut from the colored advertising pages of old magazines, or these mats can be used under other table decorations. Many children have toy T.V. sets which you can borrow to use as centerpieces or make the television set from small boxes, using large black buttons for dials and pasting a colored magazine ad where the T.V. screen should be. Small boxes and bottles can be decorated with silly labels and catchy lines, to be placed along the tables.

Favors: There are several possibilities. 1. Sew up small bags from nylon net in pretty spring colors. Fill with nuts and mints and tie with pretty ribbon, curling the ends. Tie on a label which "tells it like it is" as it reads: "Sure, it may be bad for your teeth, and lots of calories, but you'll

eat it anyway." 2. Try to get a local motel to give or sell you small individual bars of soap. Wrap these in squares of pastel net, tying them into the center of the net and fluffing out the corners so they are bright spots of color on the table. To each tie a small card on which is typed: "It won't get you a man, but it will get you clean." 3. Set a pastel nut cup on a small doily base cut from colored advertising pages. Fill the cup with the gold foil-wrapped chocolate money candy, and attach a card reading: "Your savings when you use Looney's products."

Program Booklets: Make the covers from construction paper in spring colors. From a magazine colored ad page, cut a piece the size of the front cover. From this cut a rectangular "window" so that when it is glued to the front cover, you can print in the window the theme title "Tell It Like It Is". Tie the booklets with yarn or ribbon in contrasting colors.

ENTERTAINMENT

The program will contain the usual tributes and music, but the whole thing will be presented as a take-off on an evening's program on T.V., so there will be frequent interruptions for "commercials". The narrator (announcer) must see to it that the whole "show" moves along at a fast pace, with the "commercials" seeming to pop on stage at every break — sometimes two commercials at a break — the breaks coming between the various numbers on the program. The idea is that your commercials will tell it like it is (show it, really) rather than as we often see on our televisions, where the housewife is always prettily dressed, with every hair in place and kitchen uncluttered.

Fanfare music prelude introduces the program and the narrator takes over.

Announcer: Welcome to our spectacular special. Keep your dials set right here and don't go away! You won't want to miss a minute. Here to open our show is (name), whose mother (name) thinks she is the greatest. Ladies, I give you (name), who will TELL IT LIKE IT IS from her viewpoint.

Salute to Mother:

To you, our mothers, who have loved us so dearly,
Who have told us of God and taught us our prayers,
Who have watched o'er us, soothed us when ailing,
And listened as we told you our troubles and cares;
To you we bring our heartfelt love
In words, flowers, song, and praise,
For you're our angel without a halo,
You've blessed us in so many ways.

Now poetry is nice sounding, and we truly offer Mom our praise, but TO TELL IT LIKE IT IS is our aim today. So I'm glad Mom was a very HUMAN angel, who made mistakes, sometimes even got good and mad, for then she became a very real person who could get through to me. Because she had feelings, too, I knew she could understand mine. You know, too much sugar can get a little over much, so I'm glad Mom threw in a little vinegar now and then as she let off steam. But I'll conclude with this thought, expressed in my old scrapbook: (Music in background: "M-o-t-h-e-r".) She was the kind of a mother who could frown and say,
"Well, there are things I have done,
I would not do again — now, I remember when . . ."

And then go on to casually relate Something quite similar to the one I had been questioning, and she would state

That she had been sorry afterward — And then again, she'd smile most unexpectedly,

And there would be an understanding gift for me,

Such as the time she had made for me, My very own front door key.

She had a ready wit, a keen and eager humor,

And usually a smiling face.

I'm glad she was always quick to welcome

The whole crowd to congregate at our place.

Announcer: Don't go away, We'll be back.

Commercial: Another person reads a breezy commercial about the "Easy Breeze" laundry detergent that makes laundry a breeze for busy mothers. Mother appears with a huge hamper of clothes — dirty jeans, old sneakers, sweat shirts, etc. She has hair in curlers, perhaps kids underfoot, wears rumpled slacks and top, no make-up — laundry for her a far cry from the breeze the announcer is telling about as he extols her detergent! ("This Is the Way We Wash Our Clothes" played softly as commercial fades.)

Musical Number: Introduced by the announcer with many flattering remarks about the musicians.

Commercial: Announcer tells the advantages of the wonderful "Flip and

Gone" furniture polish. Housewife stands beside a table and unloads skates, baseball, doll, cap, books, papers, etc., and then at last is down to the table and ready to dust as the commercial ends, so she just shrugs her shoulders and leaves the stage! ("Mood music" may be used in introducing and concluding these commercials if desired.)

Announcer: I bring you now that angel-on-earth. Perhaps her halo is a little crooked, but that's to be expected. Ladies, here is the lovely, the charming, the gifted Mrs. (name of mother to give response).

Salute to Daughters: Why is it that everyone refers to a baby as a helpless little thing? Give a baby a home of her own and she is the least helpless in it. All she has to do is let out one little peep and everyone comes a-running. If that doesn't work she can let out a wail and she can throw the whole household into a tailsip!

Yes, even before she is able to walk or talk, a daughter somehow seems to rule the home roost, and really she doesn't outgrow it! She just gets more vocal and the responses are a little different.

As a baby, if she doesn't wear a stitch she is perfectly content — and no one raises an eyebrow, and if she doesn't like her food she can spit, and blow, and bubble, and no one thinks there's anything wrong. Later, her bikini causes heads to turn, and a stern parent may even come near to a stroke of apoplexy, while she wonders why everyone has become such an old fogey.

She objects to well-balanced, nutritious meals with a "Yuk!" more resounding than any infant burp; or else says she is not hungry; but five minutes later she is curled up in front of the T.V. with a bowl of chips, a candy bar, a box of snack crackers, and a soft drink. If there are objections she comes up with a withering, "Aw, Mom, really!" Strangely enough, she seems to keep her strength up enough to be a star player on the basketball team, dance half the night, be on the track team, sing in the church choir, work in the youth group, be a Big Sister at the Children's Service center, help her brother paint his old jalopy, baby-sit to earn money for some extras, be in the school play, make the school honor roll, paint Grandpa's picket fence, and plan a surprise anniversary dinner for her doting parents.

All too soon the years have flown and our little girl has left the old home nest for a home of her own, and we sit back in amazement and watch her manage her household, hold down a full-time job to supplement the income while hubby finishes school, perhaps. Then she's a young mother and again swings along at a merry pace, taking it all in stride, as you sit back and look on in amazement and wonder how you bore such a wonder-



Lisa and Natalie Nenneman light the candles for their Grandfather Driftmier's birthday. (The cake was as delicious as it looks.)

child! Then you cuddle a grandchild close and count your blessings as you murmur "Thank God for little girls." (Soft music of "Two Little Girls in Blue" or some similar song — fades away as commercial comes on.)

Commercial: Announcer lauds the wonderful qualities of "Practically Painless" disinfectant and plastic bandages, but on the action side Mother tries to get child (fighting, wiggling and yelling) to hold still so she can get the medication and bandage on the bruised leg from a fall off a bike. (Music as commercial fades, "On a Bicycle Built for Two".)

Announcer describes the "Purty Girl Waving Lotion" that simply washes right into the hair — roll it up in your favorite style and presto! soft shining waves — sometimes! For the action, a woman comes on stage with hair in rollers, towel around shoulders, carries mirror and comb. As announcer extols product she takes down hair — and it falls perfectly straight. As she looks at announcer reproachfully, he shrugs and says, as he exits, "Well, this must have been one of the *sometimes*." (Soft music, "IDream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair".)

Announcer: I now bring you an outstanding speaker, the charming, gracious (name) whose voice will hold you spellbound as she give us "Litany of a Homemaker".

Reader: "Litany of a Homemaker"

For this evening hour with you, Lord, the house finally quieted and filled with the small sounds of my loved ones at rest, I thank you.

For the hot water rushing into a soothing tub, for the clean bed which

comforts my spent muscles, I am grateful.

For my husband who returned home late tonight, bringing me a hamburger because "You must have had a hard day," I give You thanks.

For my appliances, which all functioned smoothly, for the living room which looks as if it will not need to be painted this year, I thank you, Lord.

For the child who came home on time today, the child who did not interrupt, for the children who filled this house with clatter and crumbs and kissed me goodnight without being asked, accept my thanks.

For the trees outside our windows, whose quiet majesty instills in us a wordless faith in Your ever-present care, I am grateful.

For the toddler who brought me flowers this morning, offering them shyly in place of the love-words she cannot yet fashion, I give You thanks.

For the hungry and the lonely in Your world, whose needs compel us to share with them Your bounty and, in so doing, enrich our own spirits as well, accept my gratitude. . . For the infant's helpless grasp on my thumb, for the six-year-old's bandaged knee, for all who look to me in trust and inspire me to be worthy of that trust, I offer You my thanks.

For books which teach us, colors which excite us, for the roof which isn't leaking, and the clothes that do not need to be ironed, I am grateful.

For the understanding that "No" can be an answer to a prayer as well as "Yes", for the grace to say, "I accept, Lord!", I thank You.

For the people whose lives touched mine today, for the kindness offered, for the certainty that, in spite of everything, Yours is a beautiful world, I give You thanks.

For the endless stream of dirty dishes, jelly stains, laundry, toys, fingerprints, paint cans, and clutter, which test my patience and mold me into Your service, for the endless blessings of health, good report cards, grandparents, peaceful churches, warm gloves, aspirin, and children who smile a lot, accept my eternal gratitude.

Thank You for the gift of learning how to live just 24 hours at a time. No undue looking back except with fondness, no fear of the future, but only the expectant wonder of what tomorrow's dawn will bring.

Today we were healthy, well fed and warm. Today we loved and were loved in return. Who but You knows of the future? It is enough that today You share the riches of Your bounty with us. It is enough, Lord, that You have been here.

For this normal, yet triumphantly beautiful day, and for all days to follow, I
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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Frank and I have just come back from taking a Sunday afternoon drive. I had been telling him about several lovely new homes which had been built recently in a radius of just a few miles from our house and since today has been one of those gorgeous spring days we decided to drive around and see the countryside and take a look at the new houses while we were at it.

More and more people it seems are getting tired of living in the cities and towns, and if they plan to build a new home they prefer to get a few acres in the country on which to put it. We still have a lot of natural timber in Lucas County, and these new homes we saw this afternoon were built right in the woods. I have a special spot on our own land that I love and have always said if we ever decided to build a new house this was where I would want it—surrounded by beautiful trees on three sides, on top of a hill, with a magnificent view from the fourth side. At our age we aren't about to build a new house, especially since our old house is also in a beautiful location, but it is always fun to say "if" and to talk about it.

Last month I told you about the big antique sale we were going to have in Lucas, and now that it is all over I want to tell you more about it. Since the money from this sale was to be divided equally among the three churches in our small town, it was of interest to the entire community, and it was really heart-warming to see an entire town get behind it and work toward making it a success. All those working on the sale were local people, including the auctioneers, and all time and labor were donated. Men from the churches worked at getting things itemized, and several hayracks were brought in the day before and filled and then put in garages and sheds for the night.

One block was roped off in front of the store, and the filled hayracks were brought out in the morning, all ready when the sale started at 9:30. As fast as one rack was emptied, another one was brought out. They had two auctioneers who took turns calling, and they sold continuously until about 5:30. They had three clerks, one from each church. It rained off and on all day, but this didn't seem to put much of a damper on things. I mean by this that few people left until the last thing was sold.



Dorothy took this picture of the antique sale which was recently held in Lucas.

I am not a "collector" of anything, and it never ceases to amaze me at the prices people will give for things they collect. Bernie said when she saw the prices some of the items brought she thought back to her childhood and how they played with things just like them in their playhouse. Later there must have been a fortune hauled to the dump. I have a list of a few items and the prices they brought which might be of interest to a lot of you: A straight-edge razor and case, \$50.00; a container of various types of marbles, \$54.00; two iron kettles, \$47.50 and \$40.00; small dinner bell, \$35.00; tongue from an iron wagon, \$38.00; part of a gas light, \$29.00; old hardware catalog, \$15.00; horseshoeing box, \$25.00; a husking peg, \$50.00; campaign buttons, \$15.00; part of a string of sleigh bells, \$72.50; apple peeler, \$22.50; and old sugar bucket in poor condition, \$17.00; railroad flashlight, \$18.00; a cap pistol, \$30.00. The list goes on and on, but this will give you an idea. I guess the moral to this story is—never throw away anything.

The Lucas Community Workers served beefburgers, salad, pie, and coffee or tea all day starting at 9:30. I worked until 5:00, but I think the last of the kitchen crew didn't get home until almost 7:00. They felt that they did well financially, and I think this money will go toward putting air conditioning in the community hall. There were about 65 pies donated, most of which were of the size that should be cut in five pieces. Those of us taking care of this were discussing how hard it is to cut five pieces evenly, and how we wished there was some gadget that could be laid on top of a pie which would mark it into fifths. Any of you readers ever seen anything like this anywhere?

When the ice finally melted in the bayou and all the dead fish floated to the top, it was a sad sight. All our cats and the raccoons were the only ones that appreciated it. They had a real feast on the ones that floated over to the bank,

and our cats were so full they hardly touched the food Frank put out for them. We have two ponds on the farm which Frank and some of his friends had checked, but they didn't see any dead fish, so we are hoping the water is deep enough to have oxygen enough to keep the fish alive. We are assuming this is so because a couple of my friends said their farm ponds were full of dead fish floating around, and if ours were dead, surely we could see them. We will soon find out when our friends begin the fishing season.

Our Birthday Club celebrated its 22nd anniversary in March with a luncheon at the home of Leona Polser, where the club was organized. There are only two of the original members left in the club, and they told us how it all came about. Leona had a birthday, so a couple of girls decided to go around and pick up some more and make them "come as they were" to go to Leona's for coffee and cake as a surprise. They had so much fun they decided to do it on all the birthdays, and call it a Birthday Club.

A manufacturing plant is being constructed in Lucas which is going to mean a big boost for the economy of this small town of approximately 300 people. The plant, which will be called Lucas Products, Inc., will employ 100 people, and will manufacture electrical harnesses for refrigerators, washers, dryers, and other appliances. The building is expected to be completed and ready for opening by June 1st, and everyone is looking forward to it.

Everyone in Kristin's family keeps busy and active. Besides keeping the books for Art, she has had a lot of in-service training with the inhalation therapy equipment, so is able to help Art with treatments. She first started this training when Art was in charge of this department in the Livingston, Montana, hospital so she could help out when needed. Now that she isn't teaching she is able to leave home on a moment's

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Honoring Graduates

by
Mrs. Horace Gilbert
&
Mrs. Louis Boone

(This idea came in a letter from the two ladies who planned and carried out this unusual evening honoring high school graduates of their church. It is not complicated and could be adapted in a number of ways to follow the background of those in the local church membership.)

Decorations: The centerpiece for the table for the graduates, their parents and grandparents, was a graduation cap. It was made from a black inner tube. The bottom of the cap was cut with two points and the top with four points that fit together. Held firmly with a safety pin, a square of cardboard helped hold the shape from inside. A small hole had been made in the center to fasten a shank button and to this a tassel from a regular graduation mortarboard had been secured. To hold the cap up from the table, a tin can just the right height had been tucked underneath and out of sight.

Place cards were used at the honor table and had been made of white paper edged in black and rolled and tied with school colors to look like small diplomas.

Similar decorations could be used around the room, school letters and colors and, if possible, a few trophies borrowed from the school.

Dinner: This was an all-church dinner so was served buffet style. In the publicity each member and/or friend of the church was asked to "Bring something for the meal which you could have carried to school in a lunch bucket." A variety of foods came: sandwiches, cheese and crackers, deviled eggs, carrot sticks, celery sticks, potato chips, hearty stew mixtures, fruit salad in fruit jars with lids, cakes, pies, bowls of fresh fruit, etc.

Program: The program was based on the old country school. The teacher stood at one end of the church basement. The younger children brought the little chairs in close to the front. The older students turned their chairs so as to face the teacher. The teacher dressed for her role and held a ruler, a bell, a book and a list of questions. Many of the questions were

found in the *Kitchen-Klatter Party Book* and back issues of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*: quizzes, games and contests pertaining to subjects learned at school. Several easy contests were selected with the younger children in mind. Everyone raised his hand when he knew the answer just as a proper student should.

The teacher asked a few questions specifically of the older students, such as, "Can you remember the names of any poems you memorized in grade school?" Anyone who could recite a poem or a quotation was asked to perform to add interest to the program.

Some of the questions used for this section of the evening were planned specifically for the students being honored and showed the contrast between the old and new educational ideas.

A spelling bee could be used to conclude the first part of the program.

The music teacher took over the second part of the session, leading the group in songs sung in schools long ago. This could also be brought up-to-date, singing favorite songs of the students in school today. This is best done with the assistance of the local music instructor or one of the students. Song sheets are suggested so all present can participate. If possible, conclude the songfest with the school song.

The evening can end on a quiet note with a *Friendship Circle* around the room with those present holding hands as the minister, or someone chosen for the purpose, gives a dedication prayer.

Depending on the situation, the students can be dismissed for recess or to go home at the end of the day.

TO THE GRADUATE

You are the cornerstone on which we build
Our highest hopes. Today, our hearts are
filled

With joy because you've reached the cher-
ished goal

You struggled for with all your heart and soul.
Stride out, your flag of shining dreams un-
furled;

Today, a doorway opens on the world!

—Church paper

YOU-ALL COME TO A SPRING BREAKFAST

by
Virginia Thomas

Spring is such a lovely time of year to entertain friends at a breakfast. Even a committee meeting can become a fun event by holding a breakfast meeting.

A pineapple will make a pretty edible centerpiece if placed upon a large plate and stuck full of good eating: spear toothpicks into whole strawberries, pineapple chunks, grapes, orange and grapefruit slices, pieces of apple and any other fruits available, then stick the other end of the toothpick into the pineapple. Encircle the base with more strawberries, small grape clusters, plums and other fruits. Add a few violet leaves, or other leaves, for a touch of green.

A pretty spring tree centerpiece can be made by using a styrofoam cone and completely covering it with artificial flowers and leaves. Old corsages provide an inexpensive source for such materials. For an extra pretty touch, make nylon net tufts in pastel spring colors by cutting five-inch squares of the net, twisting in the center and attaching to a short piece of chenille-covered wire or pipe cleaners. Pull net out to make a fluff, then insert into cone among the flowers. Make a ruffle of pale green net to encircle the base of the tree. Add any decorative items available; I fastened a decorative bumblebee to the top of my tree.

Violets, crocuses, hyacinths or other spring flowers from the garden make the loveliest of table decorations and a single blossom placed beside each plate makes a sweet favor. A bread basket, an old soup tureen, or stoneware bowl filled with garden flowers is an easy, pretty centerpiece for the breakfast table.

Weather permitting, spring is a beautiful time of year to move the breakfast out onto the patio, or even to the back lawn. Use the picnic table, or set up bridge tables. Napkins in spring pastels add interesting color to the table setting.

What to serve? Of course the menu can be as easy or as elaborate as you wish! Plenty of hot coffee and, if you are not serving the fruit in the centerpiece suggested, orange juice. Or place all of the fruits in a pretty glass bowl.

A variety of sweet rolls would go well in finishing up the menu. If a brunch is preferred, add scrambled eggs and little sausages!

Most of the good things in this life come to us in twos and threes, dozens and hundreds — plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, comrades and friends — but only one mother in all this wide, wide world!

JENNY'S DOLLHOUSE

by
Dot Graves

Jenny is a very creative, intelligent five-year-old who loves to come visit here at her grandparents' home, but sometimes makes this grandma scramble to keep interesting, challenging activities available. A perfect answer to this problem appeared as we were browsing through some magazines and came upon pictures of miniature houses providing endless ideas to build a lasting hobby.

Jenny loves to make things. The first evening of our project, Jenny and I looked carefully over the pictures of dollhouses. We talked about the things that were in them, how they were made, what materials were used, and then began wondering what we had that could be utilized.

I have lots of spools. They could be used as tables or chairs, we decided. Jenny painted one of the large spools with tempera (the heavy water color paint that comes in a jar). Then she painted two small spools while I cut out two pieces of cardboard to use for the chair backs. We glued the cardboard to the spools and Jenny painted these backs. Now we had two chairs.

The large spool was made into a table by cutting an oval from cardboard and gluing it on top. Jenny painted the cardboard and was delighted to have a table for the two matching chairs.

"Grandma, would you crochet a tablecloth for the table while I snickle up to you before I have to go to bed?" asked Jenny.

My old red rocker is a favorite cuddling place, and *snickle* is a private family word for snuggling with a few hugs and tickles thrown in for good measure. So while Jenny and I *snickled* and crocheted and talked, the tablecloth was made and Jenny was nearly asleep.

From that evening on, Jenny and I looked forward to the times we could be together and work on the dollhouse. Jenny gets a tiny allowance and she began to save her money so she could buy items for our project. Her first purchase was a miniature sewing machine.

Jenny and I discovered that we could make lots of things easily from balsa wood and small dowels. (Many craft and hobby stores carry these items.) We began by designing a couch for the living room. We used a razor blade cutter and cut the balsa wood into four pieces; one measuring 3 by 6 inches, one 2 by 6, and two identical pieces 2 by 2. We glued the 2- by 6-inch piece to the larger piece about 1 inch from the edge making the seat of the couch, then glued the 2 by 2 pieces on either end. The couch was painted: one end white, one end black and the seat green. It is most unusual,



Dot Graves and her granddaughter, Jenny, have spent many happy hours building and furnishing this very simple dollhouse. It is easy to see that the two have developed a loving relationship as the project has grown.

but Jenny views it as the most beautiful couch in the world!

Now we were ready to think of a dollhouse in which to put the treasured furniture. Jenny and I purchased a length of quarter-inch plywood. We sawed this, using Grandpa's saw, into four pieces. The floor of the dollhouse is a solid piece of plywood 20 inches square. We used a pencil and square and divided this accurately into four rooms. Then we cut another section of plywood 10 by 20 inches and two pieces 10 inches square. Grandpa kindly nailed the 10- by 20-inch strip to the pencil mark across the center of the "floor", making the middle wall. Jenny and I glued the two 10-inch squares onto the other two lines to form four open rooms, each 10 inches square. The house was set aside for several days for the glue to dry.

On our next time together, Jenny and I carefully, and I might add, laboriously for a five-year-old, sanded all the walls and floors and lightly stained and varnished the entire dollhouse. As you can visualize, this made a simple frame of four walls and a floor with no roof or outside walls, a very simple structure which can be set on a table or floor and played with by several children at a time.

Jenny found some pretty miniature wildlife pictures in a stitchery magazine which she carefully cut out and hung on the walls with sticky tape. These make a colorful addition to the house. Also, it was Jenny's idea to cut balsa wood into four sections 1 inch by 4 inches and glue these together into a box shape. With a clock picture cut out and pasted on the front, it is a most realistic and fine replica of a grandfather clock.

For a broom we took small dowels, cut them into 4-inch lengths and carefully

selected small straws from my big kitchen broom. Glued on the end of one of the dowels, then wrapped tightly with thread, it makes a realistic looking broom. Another dowel became a mop made in the same manner using pieces of fringe glued and tied to the end of the dowel.

A bed was made from a small box, a mattress from old sheeting filled with polyester, and two sheets, a pillow and pillow case were made of the same fabric. I used a piece of old brocade trimmed with lace for the bedspread. Very fancy! We made a bean bag chair and I crocheted tiny rugs for the floors.

The most colorful piece to date is the kitchen stove which Jenny made from balsa wood. The sides and back are painted yellow with small knobs and a clock drawn on with a felt-tipped pen. The top is painted blue with four glowing red burners. A most impressive stove, especially when the tiny skillet and pans which we found in a drug store rest upon it!

The dollhouse isn't finished and probably never will be, but that's the most fun of all. Our thoughts can always turn to what improvements we might make next. We have not yet made the fireplace we want, nor the bunkbeds, nor the curtains. These things will wait until next time when Jenny comes to Grandma's house to play.

I LOOKED UPON A TREE

Long ago I looked upon a tree,
Its ivory blossoms tossed,
And there was peace and beauty,
Infinite mystery —
And what might have been a moment lost
Was etched forever in eternity.

—Julia Yancy Petty

The Paths We Walk copyright 1973

GLEANINGS FROM GREYSTONE "THE RIVER ROAD"

by
Harold R. Smith

The River Road has always been there, insofar as living people can testify. It was originally a trail, became worn with footprints of mankind and gradually widened into a small road. People who lived in the area used the road as an outlet to the village for supplies and for visiting neighboring farms. Children would walk, in season, along its ruts to the one-room schoolhouse on the hill. In times of sorrow a small cortege would wind slowly up the road to the cemetery, also located on the hill.

The River Road, never impressive, was formed of reddish-orange clay. As it neared the river bottom, the land became rich with black soil, aided in part by the river flooding bringing loose earth from up-river. In those days gravel roads were in the far distant future, so the River Road became virtually impassable in rainy seasons as well as in winter when snows drifted the road bank to bank in places. The sticky, clay soil stuck to both man and beast, so walking was, at times, impossible. The problem was compounded when the river flooded portions of the road, isolating the farms from the outside world.

The early settlers chose spots for their building sites on the hills overlooking the river. Upland, the meadows grew lush toward the dark woods. In time, the bottomlands were cleared and when the weather cooperated, the fields waved their harvest of grain in the gentle wind. The possibility always existed that the river would rise, inundating the fields and wiping out the expenditures of seeds and hard labor.

Lush vegetation, woods and underbrush grew on either side of the river providing shelter for wildlife which, in turn, provided food for the settlers needs. When luck ran short in the woods, fishing was done in the muddy waters for it abounded with catfish and carp. People preferred catfish which was served with fried potatoes, cornbread and black coffee. Carp, scored and baked, was a second choice.

Although the River Road was only a matter of a few miles long, the people living near it became a closely unified community. Helping one another, they gleaned the golden wheat, gathered corn, and cut firewood for the long months ahead. If anyone became ill, word was passed along by the solitary traveler on the road; a short time later a majority of the people would arrive with gifts of food, offers to sit with the sick person and to do the necessary chores. In performing these courtesies they



What a story an old house could tell if it could only talk. This abandoned two-story log house is similar to some which were built by the early pioneers along the River Road. Standing empty and deteriorating, it still reflects the dreams and efforts of its first owners.

helped each other without being asked and provided mutual assurance that they, in times of need, would be helped should illness or disaster strike their lives.

And disaster would invariably come to each home! Storms took their toll. The dreaded Midwest tornadoes of the hot summer months were justifiably feared. Fires were another disaster which came frequently any time during the year. Fires usually were the victors, for the bucket brigade seldom could save a farmhouse or a barn. The day after a fire the residents would rally and construction would be started with a surplus of lumber, nails and labor freely given. The women would provide hot meals needed during the following days. Whatever could be spared would be cheerfully and promptly given; good bedding, furniture, food, pots and pans and immediate shelter for those who had lost a home, and assistance for livestock for those who had lost a barn.

Children trudged down the River Road to attend the one-room school. Little tin buckets contained sausages and biscuits which were their daily lunches. Cold water was pumped from a deep well for drinking.

The teacher, usually underpaid, was boarded at the various farms. Along with teaching the basic "three R's", she had to build the morning fire, clean the school, supervise the children at recess and referee their arguments and fights. She also would care for sick children until word could be sent down the River Road for the parents who would come to get their children either by horseback or afoot as road conditions warranted. In addition, the teacher was expected to be

a model of perfection during her nine-month tenure. One can well imagine the turnover of teachers!

To my knowledge, a church was never built along the River Road, although the community was extremely religious. The schoolhouse was pressed into service when an itinerant preacher came along. Few attended the village churches, not because of distance, but out of an obvious reluctance to associate with outsiders. Word was sent to the village preacher for a burial, however. The Bibles, often the only books owned, held a revered place in homes and were passed from one generation to another, duly recording marriages, births and deaths.

If the people suffered from the isolation they imposed upon themselves, they were never aware of it. Living on the same land, carefully passed down through the years, they had life that was dear to them. They loved working, praying and sharing together.

The River Road exists today, not as in yesteryear, but chiefly in memory. Most of the old weathered houses are gone, along with the schoolhouse. Bulldozers have contoured most of the land, created dikes to protect the newly reclaimed soil from the river and, in the process, have stripped away many of the old trees and vegetation.

In spring we drive out to the now-graveled road and pause at a bend observing the greenery providing a carpet spangled with wildflowers. Bird voices break the silence; wild finches, in countless numbers, dot the remaining trees.

The ruins of a once-proud house sit on
(Continued on page 17)

RELIVING THE PAST — ENJOYING THE PRESENT

by
Evelyn Birkby

Picasso, The Temple, a one-hundred-and-ten-story building, the sun shining over Lake Michigan, fish swimming around a coral reef, King Tut, a meeting of the Methodist Board of Communications, our son Craig, and I all have a great deal in common. At least, for a short period of time, we were all in or near Chicago, Illinois.

Having lived in Chicago for three years before returning to Iowa to be married, it was a great delight to hear I was to attend a meeting of the Methodist Communications Board in Evanston, just north of Chicago. Wheels began to turn, adjustments in schedules were made and plans juggled so two extra days were cleared for visiting Chicago proper.

Craig had a break from college at exactly the same time. Could he come along with me and see the places where I had lived, worked and gone sightseeing in those days of long ago? Arrangements were happily made for him to go along.

Oh the changes! Following the meeting we drove with friends down to the loop area of the city. I had worked during my years in Chicago at The Chicago Temple, the First (now United) Methodist Church. A vivid memory was the tall spire lifting high above the other buildings surrounding it. The cross stands 568 feet above street level, the equivalent of a forty-eight-story building. As we neared the corner of Clark and Washington Streets the view was incredible! The Temple is now surrounded by buildings taller than the spire. What chance has forty-eight stories when the nearby Sears Building lifts one-hundred-and-ten levels into the air?

The building I remember just north of the Temple is no longer standing. It was an old-style edifice which had been built so long ago it literally had been floated on the underlying mud bed, rather than reaching a foundation of steel and concrete down to bedrock as present skyscrapers are built. When I lived in Chicago that building had already settled to a place three steps down from street level to the main shops.

Now the sinking building is gone and in its place stands the new Civic Center. In the Plaza between the Civic Center Building and the Temple stands Picasso's "Head of a Woman", its gaunt, angular, metallic face appearing to watch the people who pass by.

Our trip to revisit the Temple with good friends, Ed and Eleanor Maynard, was made on Sunday evening. A youth group from a nearby church was also in



Craig Birkby admires the beautiful rose window in the small second-floor chapel at the Chicago Temple. The church building, located in the heart of the busy loop area, contains many unusual stained glass windows.

attendance. After the evening church service we took the guided tour to the Sky Chapel, the memorial room on the twenty-fourth floor which holds memorabilia of early Methodism, and the newly redecorated recreation room in the basement.

I tried to tell Craig how it was when I worked with the young adults of the church. Ed and Eleanor, who first became my friends in the same place, tried to tell him as much as they could about how it was. But times have changed, people have changed, needs have changed, and the city has changed. It can be enjoyed, but can never be the same.

On Monday, Craig and I took a room in a hotel on Michigan Avenue located where we could walk to most of the places we wanted to see. Situated on the twentieth floor of the hotel, looking out across the busy Illinois Central railroad tracks, the Lake Shore Drive and sun-drenched Lake Michigan (the sun shone all the time we were there), it proved a perfect base from which to launch this part of our visit.

The first full day was spent at the Field Museum of Natural History and the nearby Shedd Aquarium. Each of the large museums in Chicago has a cafeteria, snack bar and picnic rooms for those who wish to bring their own lunches, so we had no problem of finding food during our day-long tours.

High points of the Natural History Museum were the many animals, birds, snakes, etc., realistically mounted in natural settings, an unusual Himalayan exhibit, the American Indian dioramas depicting life in early Indian villages, and the movie, "Man and His Environment", shown in several little theaters. I kept searching out the film presentations as much to sit down and rest as to learn more about man and nature!

The museum's extensive Egyptian exhibits were being rearranged to ready

a section for the showing of King Tut's treasures. The showing will continue through August 15th before moving on to other cities. We were saddened to have our trip come just before this great exhibit arrived.

Wandering down to the cafeteria for a cup of coffee, as I waited for Craig to go see one more exhibit, I discovered *The Place of Wonder*. Here visitors of all ages can touch, handle and compare items dealing with nature; a marvelous place for children and adults to become more deeply involved. Space was available for individuals to draw pictures, mold with clay and listen to music appropriate for this experience room.

By 3:00 P.M. we had exhausted the museum and me, and were headed through a walkway to the Shedd Aquarium. Suddenly we found ourselves in a world of live fishes and assorted creatures of the deeps and shallows.

Tropical saltwater fish of fascinating colors and shapes inhabited the first tanks we visited. The lion fish with its mane of stingers, the rock fish with its spiny protrusions, a flounder lying quietly under the sand with only his tiny black eyes moving to indicate he was a living creature, octopi, crabs, lobsters, and the brilliant-colored sea anemone all took a share of our attention.

Several times we commented that God had a great sense of humor when he put together some of the funny, strange and exotic creatures in the live exhibits.

The huge community tanks were especially interesting. These tanks, including the coral reef tank in the center of the building, displayed many of the large water creatures in natural habitat, from nurse and lemon sharks eight to ten feet long to great sea turtles.

The other place of interest I'll have space to mention this month is the Art Institute. We spent a most enjoyable half-day in this tremendous place, starting with lunch in the cafeteria.

Except for the Thorne Rooms, authentic reproductions in miniature of historical European and American rooms, this showcase of art which I've visited many times seemed like an entirely new gallery. Time changes even museums!

Craig and I took the tour suggested for those who have only a few hours to spend and enjoyed many of the great treasures of the Institute. The Tang Dynasty horse of pottery, a grave figure from Ancient China, was so perfect in form and color it appeared to have been made yesterday instead of over 1,000 years ago. Grant Wood's "American Gothic" attracted our attention, being Iowa residents and all. Painted as a satire by the Iowa painter, it amazed Mr. Wood that it came to be taken so seriously as

(Continued on page 15)

THE SPRING CLODBURST

by
Fern Christian Miller

One extra warm spring day in the early twenties, the children in our little country school were unable to study because it became so dark from heavy clouds. We couldn't read or work our arithmetic, nor could we light the kerosene lamps along the walls because they were out of oil. Miss Sue, the elderly lady who taught us, wouldn't have lit them anyway because she believed they *drew the lightning*. Flashes of light and thunder ominously came every few minutes, so Miss Sue suggested we all stand and sing songs. We started with the small children's favorites, "Twenty Froggies Went to School", then we sang "America" and "Work, For the Night Is Coming".

Suddenly a great wind rushed across the prairie, a deafening clap of thunder crashed and a deluge of rain began to fall. An older pupil jumped to the door which had blown wide open. He bolted the door and locked every window, then told us to lie on the floor under our seats in case of a *twister*. He spoke with authority, for he had been in a bad storm once. We all obeyed immediately. Several of the younger students began to cry.

Miss Sue stood in the center of the room and talked cheerfully. "It's just a 'ard spring rain. The farmers need rain for the pastures and crops. It has been too warm for a week now. This will cool the air. There is no reason to be frightened, this storm will not last long."

For thirty minutes the schoolhouse shook from the wind and rain, then the storm passed over, the sky lightened, and the air grew cool and fresh. Now the room was light enough for us to finish our lessons quickly before closing time.

Farm children have chores to do in the evening, and we were no exception. After school we rushed out to the barn to hitch the horses to the buggy to drive home.

A mile or so along the muddy road we came to the place where we crossed Flat Creek. There was no bridge, only a gravel bed with, usually, a little water flowing in the creek. This day we stopped and stared in consternation! What had happened to our placid, shallow stream? Water was spread over the pasture on each side of the road, and the water across the road must have spread all of twenty-five feet. The horse stopped uneasily at the edge of the water.

We sat for a few minutes debating what to do. I wanted to turn back and call the folks from a house near the school, or drive back around four miles where we could cross on a bridge.

Finally my older brother, Lee, said, "The water is much lower now. It can't be very deep here. We'll just drive on across; we have to get home and do our



The Grandview Schoolhouse is similar to many old country school buildings which now stand silent and abandoned. With boarded windows and lonely appearance, this school at the foot of the bluffs west of a once-thriving town of Knox in southwest Iowa, reminds those who pass by of the days when it was the active, busy center of learning and community gatherings.

—Photo by Mark Jewell

chores."

I protested as I was afraid of water, but he called me a *fraidy cat* and I hushed. The horse whinnied and tried to turn back when urged into the water, but Lee took the buggy whip and forced her on. Lee could talk just like a man when he wanted to.

The horse trembled, but she walked slowly out into the muddy, whirling water. The stream reached higher and higher on the buggy wheels. When we reached the center of the creek the water filled the buggy bed. We scrambled up and sat on the back of the seat with our feet and books on the cushions. The current was swift and we began to swerve downstream. The mare began to swim. For a few minutes it seemed as though we would surely be turned over in the rushing water.

We were too frightened to scream, but gasped loudly. Our gentle horse paid no attention, she was used to children driving. She gained the opposite bank and scrambled up the steep clay side, almost upsetting the buggy. Then she walked through shallow water to the muddy road. There she stood, panting, with water dripping from her heaving sides. The water poured out of the holes at the corners of the buggy bed. My younger brother and I were trembling and crying. After the water ran out and our horse regained her breath, we drove slowly home.

When we reached the barnyard, Father came out of the barn scowling. "What on earth made you kids so late?" he asked. Then he saw the wet buggy bed and the weary horse. He stood looking at us.

"You drove out in the creek with the water high? It must have come a clodburst over there. It didn't rain too much here. I have told you, Lee, if the

water is high, turn around and drive home by way of the bridge. Now, children," Father scolded, "I can't go with you to school, you will just have to learn to use common sense. It is a wonder the buggy didn't turn over, and you might have all drowned. You know none of you can swim."

Lee sat in silence with tears running down his pale cheeks. After all, he was only a small boy. And he *had* kept his head or the buggy *might* have overturned. I couldn't bear it.

"He didn't know the water was so deep, Father," I said. "We did wait for a long time for the water to go down. We thought we would be late for our chores. Lee drove *real* good, Father."

Lee spoke up then, "I won't drive out in the water again. I know now how it can fool you, and I want to learn to swim."

Father put his hand on Lee's shoulder, "Get out, Son. Go in and get something to eat, change your clothes and I'll help you with the chores tonight. If the water gets high again, call us from the farmhouse by the school and I'll ride over on a horse and drive you around by the bridge. It is quite a distance. And another thing, you will learn to swim this summer."

We did!

LONELINESS RECEIVES A LIFT

It has been a delightfully busy weekend, I said to myself as I sat down with a cup of coffee, just to collect my thoughts.

Goodbye kisses and hugs had been received and given. Last-minute thoughts hurriedly related, "We'll see you next month." Then the cars rolled away from the curb for the long trip home.

Feeling a little alone, I suddenly looked around and then I saw them:

A play telephone in the middle of the floor

A toy that looks like a turtle

Old pocketbooks with play money

Potato chips on the end table

Furniture out of place

A glass of milk

A half-eaten cracker

As I went through the house I couldn't help but wonder how many glasses of water, milk and pop had been consumed. Food had seemed to leave the table as fast as I cooked it.

The old porch swing is still now. The screen door hasn't slammed for a while. How can a house have so much activity and then become so silent? Our six grandchildren have just left with their parents.

As I happily relived my weekend in memory, I put the house back in order. My loneliness was over.

—Laura M. Biester

Recipes

Tested by the KITCHEN-KLATTER Family

MAE'S RHUBARB DESSERT

- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 egg yolks
- 4 or 5 cups thinly sliced rhubarb
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 6 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup sugar

Mix the first 6 ingredients together and press into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake about 15 minutes in a 350-degree oven, until lightly browned. Combine the next 5 ingredients and spread over the cooky-type crust. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Beat egg whites as for meringue, adding the cinnamon with the 1 cup of sugar. Spread on top of the rhubarb and bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until nicely browned. This will be very high but will settle somewhat as it cools.

—Mae Driftmier

GOURMET POTATOES

- 6 medium potatoes
- 2 cups shredded cheese (American or Cheddar)
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups sour cream
- 4 tsp. finely chopped onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. butter
- Paprika

Cook potatoes with skins on. Cool, peel and shred coarsely. In saucepan over low heat, combine cheese and 1/4 cup butter. Stir until almost melted. Remove from heat and blend in sour cream, onion, salt and pepper. Fold in potatoes and turn into 2-quart casserole. Dot with butter and sprinkle with paprika. Bake uncovered for 35 minutes at 350 degrees or until heated thru well.

—Dorothy

MOLDED TUNA SALAD

- 1 pkg. unflavored gelatin
- 3 to 4 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 small can tuna fish
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 1/4 cup stuffed olives, sliced

Soften envelope of gelatin in lemon juice. Empty contents of soup can into saucepan. Rinse out can with the 1/4 cup water and add to soup. Heat, stirring. When bubbly hot, stir in softened gelatin. Cool slightly. Stir in remaining ingredients. Turn into molds or a loaf pan. Chill until firm.

Cut as desired and place on lettuce leaves. Serve with slices of tomato, hard-cooked eggs and potato chips for an excellent luncheon menu. A fine dish for a club luncheon.

—Evelyn

GINGER-PEAR UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

- 1/4 cup white corn syrup
- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 16-oz. can pear halves
- 1/3 cup nuts
- 1 14-oz. pkg. gingerbread mix

Combine corn syrup, brown sugar, butter or margarine and flavorings. Melt over low heat, stirring. Place in bottom of 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Drain pears; cut halves in two, lengthwise. Place nut piece in center of each quarter. Arrange in baking dish over first layer, cut side down. Remaining nuts can be placed in center of dish. Prepare gingerbread mix following directions on package. (I added 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring to the basic gingerbread batter.) Pour gingerbread over pears. Bake in 350-degree oven about 40 minutes, or until done.

This recipe was developed for microwave use by the local county extension director, Dorothy Kieth. Use an 8-inch round glass baking dish. Melt syrup ingredients together in microwave for 20 seconds; mix well. Place pears on syrup as directed above. Pour only 1 1/2 cups gingerbread batter over pears. Cook, uncovered, in microwave oven 7 to 8 minutes. Center may not be quite done, but cake continues to bake after removing from oven. Let set several minutes as center of cake completes baking. Loosen edge and invert onto serving plate. Extra batter can be used for cupcakes. Bake only three at a time for 45 seconds each time. Serve with whipped cream or whipped topping.

—Evelyn

BLUEBERRY PUDDING-CAKE

- 1 can blueberry pie filling
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 13 1/4-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 17 1/4-oz. box yellow cake mix
- 1 cup pecans, chopped
- 1 1/2 sticks (or 3/4 cup) margarine or butter, melted

Combine pie filling and flavorings. Spoon into greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Drain pineapple, reserving juice. Spread pineapple over blueberry layer. Sprinkle dry cake mix over pineapple. Add nuts on top of cake mix. Combine pineapple juice and melted margarine or butter and pour over top. Bake at 325 degrees for about 30 minutes.

This is an excellent dessert. The combined fruit flavors make it elegant. Serve with whipped cream or whipped topping, either warm or cold. Great for company meals or club refreshments. Freezes well.

—Evelyn

RHUBARB DREAM BARS

- 2 cups flour
- 10 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup flour
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 4 cups diced rhubarb

Combine flour, powdered sugar and butter. Mix and pat in 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes or until edges brown. Beat eggs; add sugar and beat again. Add flour and salt, mixing well. Fold in rhubarb. Pour over baked layer and bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Cut into squares.

—Lucile

BIRTHDAY CLUB ESCALLOPED CHICKEN

- 1 quart chicken, coarsely cubed (cooked in salted water)

Gravy

- 4 Tbls. flour
 - 4 Tbls. chicken fat
 - 1 quart broth, free of fat
- Combine flour and chicken fat and stir into broth. Cook until thickened.

Dressing

- 1 1/2 quarts dry bread cubes
- 3/4 cup butter, melted
- 1 1/2 tsp. powdered sage
- 1/4 cup cream or stock
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- Pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion

Combine dressing ingredients and mix well. Put a 1 1/2-inch layer of chicken in pan or casserole. Cover with dressing and pour gravy over top of dressing. Bake until dressing is lightly browned, about 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

SUNDAY, MONDAY MEATLOAF

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 lb. ground pork (sausage will do)
- 1 garlic clove, finely chopped
- 1 large onion, finely chopped
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. thyme
- 1 tsp. summer savory (or 2 tsp. mixed Italian herbs)

1/2 cup bread crumbs

2 eggs, slightly beaten

Bacon or salt pork slices

(Have beef and pork at room temperature before mixing.) Blend meats and seasonings. Add bread crumbs and eggs and blend again. Arrange some of the bacon or salt pork slices on the bottom of baking pan. Place meatloaf on top of this. Score the top with a knife and place more bacon or salt pork slices over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 1/2 hours. Baste occasionally with juices from meat. —Lucile

BROCCOLI CUSTARD

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1 can cream of celery soup, undiluted
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1/3 cup grated American cheese
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- Dash of pepper

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Cook broccoli according to package directions and drain. Combine eggs with rest of ingredients and stir in the broccoli. Pour into an oiled 6- x 10- x 1 1/2-inch baking pan. Place in a larger pan of hot water and bake about 45 to 50 minutes or until a silver knife inserted near the center comes out clean. Six servings.

ENGLISH TOFFEE BARS

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 3/4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 egg white, slightly beaten
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 tsp. instant coffee
- 2 ozs. semi-sweet chocolate
- 3 Tbs. milk

Cream butter; gradually add sugar and continue beating until blended. Beat in egg yolk. Sift flour and cinnamon together and gradually add to creamed mixture. Press evenly into buttered jelly roll pan, 15 1/2" by 10 1/2". Brush top with the beaten egg white. Sprinkle with pecans and press them lightly into the dough. Bake at 275 degrees for one hour. While the dough is baking dissolve coffee and chocolate in the milk over low heat until thoroughly blended. When dough is baked cut it into small squares, about 1 1/2" square, and drizzle the chocolate mixture over. Cool. —Mae Driftmier

HALLIE'S LEMON-LIME SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
 - 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 - 1 24-oz. carton creamed cottage cheese
 - 2 8-oz. cans crushed pineapple, drained
 - 1 cup sliced white grapes
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 - 1 tsp. lime juice
 - 1 13-oz. carton whipped topping
- Sprinkle dry gelatin over cottage cheese and stir well. Add the pineapple, white grapes, flavoring and lime juice. Fold in the whipped topping. Put in 9- by 13-inch pan and chill.

ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. asparagus, cooked and cut into 1 1/2-inch pieces
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 cup cracker crumbs
- 1 2-oz. jar pimientos, cut into small pieces
- 1 cup diced Cheddar cheese, about 1/4-inch cubes
- 1 cup milk
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 3 Tbs. butter or margarine, melted

Drain asparagus and set aside. Add the salt, pepper, cracker crumbs, pimiento, cheese, and milk to the beaten eggs. Stir in the asparagus and put into a greased 1 1/2-quart casserole. Pour the melted butter or margarine over the top and bake in a 350-degree oven until the custard has set, about a half hour. This can be made ahead and reheated in a warm oven. Serves six.

—Mae Driftmier

DESSERT SHELLS

- 3 cups marshmallows
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 1/2 cup nuts, finely chopped
- 5 cups crisp cereal

Place marshmallows, butter or margarine and flavorings in top of double boiler. Melt over hot water, stirring occasionally. Pour over nuts and cereal, stirring to coat. Crispy rice cereal or any flake cereal slightly crushed will do nicely. While warm, press into buttered muffin tins and shape into shells. Cool. When cold, fill with ice cream, sherbet, fruit salad, pudding, fruit pie filling or fresh fruit.

For variety add 2 to 3 Tbs. cinnamon candies to the marshmallow mixture as it is being melted. This gives a fresh cinnamon taste and also colors the shells pink. An excellent idea for a party.

These shells may be made the day before using. —Evelyn

FAVORITE LIVER SPREAD

- 1 lb. liver sausage
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 3 Tbs. dill pickle juice
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Few drops Tabasco sauce
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/2 cup finely chopped dill pickle
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion

In a medium bowl, mash the liver sausage with a fork. Blend in the cream cheese which has been softened. Add the mayonnaise, pickle juice, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco sauce and garlic powder. Blend by hand or with a mixer until smooth. Stir in the pickle and onion. Chill. —Dorothy

RHUBARB JAM

- 5 cups diced rhubarb
- 5 cups sugar
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. wild strawberry gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Slowly cook the rhubarb and sugar for five minutes. Stir in the gelatin and flavoring. Continue cooking 10 to 15 minutes. Put in sterilized jars and seal, or freeze.

SPECIAL K BARS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup white syrup
- 1 cup peanut butter
- 5 cups Special K cereal
- 1 small pkg. butterscotch chips
- 1 small pkg. chocolate chips

Bring sugar and syrup to a boil to dissolve sugar. Remove from heat and add the cereal and peanut butter. Mix well and press into a buttered 9- by 13-inch pan. Melt and mix thoroughly the butterscotch and chocolate chips and spread over top of cereal mixture while still warm. Cut into bars.

—Donna Nenneman

SUMMER SAUSAGE

- 2 lbs. hamburger
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- 1 tsp. onion powder
- 1/2 tsp. mustard seed
- 2 tsp. liquid smoke
- 3 Tbs. Morton's Tender Quick Salt (Do not substitute)

Combine ingredients. Mix well. Shape into a roll about two inches around. Wrap in foil, shiny side toward meat. Refrigerate 24 hours. Next day, poke holes in bottom of foil roll, using toothpick. Pour about 1/2 inch water in bottom of broiler pan. Place meat on broiler rack and bake at 325 degrees about 90 minutes. Serve either hot or cold. (You could "fool" around with the seasonings but do not omit or substitute Morton's Tender Quick Salt.) —Betty

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UNUSUAL RICE SALAD

- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup pineapple juice (Add water if necessary to make the one cup.)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1/4 cup sugar (more or less could be used)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup rice, cooked according to package directions (Be sure to cool after cooking.)
- 1 can well-drained pineapple chunks
- 30 marshmallows, cut in pieces
- 1 cup red grapes, cut up
- 1 cup green grapes, cut up
- 4 bananas, diced
- Nuts and maraschino cherries (May be added or used for decorations.)

In a small saucepan beat the egg. Add flour and mix. Add the pineapple juice and cook over low heat, stirring, until thickened. After cooking add lemon flavoring and chill. Whip the cream, adding the sugar and vanilla flavoring. Fold whipped cream into the first mixture. (Be sure first mixture is cold before adding whipped cream.) Stir in all remaining ingredients except bananas. Add the bananas just before serving.

Excellent to serve with ham, ham loaf, turkey or chicken. May be used as a dessert salad with crackers or small sandwiches. A good club refreshment.

—Hallie

GOLDEN GINGER SCONES

- 2 cups flour
- 6 Tbls. sugar (divided)
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

In a large bowl stir together flour, 4 Tbls. of the sugar, baking powder, ginger, soda and salt. With pastry blender cut in margarine. With fork beat together egg, buttermilk, and flavorings. Add to flour mixture and mix thoroughly. Divide into two parts. Turn each onto heavily floured surface and knead lightly with floured hands. Pat into two circles 5/8 inch thick and with floured knife cut each circle into 6 wedges. Place the 12 wedges on ungreased cookie sheet. Sprinkle with the remaining 2 Tbls. sugar. Bake in oven pre-heated to 425 degrees. Bake about 14 minutes or until golden brown. Split open and spread with butter and jelly or honey. —Betty

YAMS HAWAIIAN

- 3 lbs. yams, cooked until just tender
 - 2 medium oranges, sliced thin (peeling and all)
 - 1 medium lemon, sliced thin (unpeeled)
 - 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, well drained
 - 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 - 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 - 1/2 cup dark corn syrup
 - 1/2 cup pineapple juice
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
- Peel the cooked yams and cut them in 1/2-inch slices. Arrange in overlapping fashion in a flat casserole. Place half an orange slice and half a lemon slice between each two yam slices. Spread the crushed pineapple over the top. Place all the other ingredients in a small saucepan. Mix well and bring to a boil. Pour over the casserole and bake in a 350-degree oven about 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

LEMON WHIPPERSNAPPERS

- 1 17 1/4-oz. pkg. lemon cake mix
- 2 cups prepared whipped topping
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 egg, beaten
- Powdered sugar

Combine all ingredients with exception of powdered sugar in a large bowl. Stir until well mixed. Shape into 1-inch balls and roll in powdered sugar. Place on lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees about 10 minutes. Do not overbake. These do not brown on the top, but the bottoms brown nicely. A pretty, crinkly, golden yellow cookie with a rich lemon flavor.

—Evelyn

ITALIAN MEATBALLS

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 3/4 cup bread crumbs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 onion, diced
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian Dressing
- 1 bouillon cube

Combine ground beef, bread crumbs, milk, onion, salt and egg. Shape into 1-inch balls. Brown in shortening. Remove from skillet and drain drippings, leaving 2 Tbls. in pan. Stir in flour. When smooth, stir in water, dressing and bouillon cube. Stir until slightly thickened. Return meatballs to skillet, cover, and simmer about 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with cooked spaghetti, noodles or rice. Freezes well for quickie meals later.

—Evelyn

ADRIENNE DRIFTMIER SHARES HER THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE

Dear Friends:

It is extremely pleasant to finally have the free time in which to correspond with all of you through *Kitchen-Klatter*. The past month has been so hectic for all the Wisconsin Driftmiers with last-minute school work which had to be finished, that it seemed this blessed spring vacation would never arrive. Although the next few weeks of break promise to be a busy time also, they will be a relaxing change from school routine.

Mother and I are planning to spend a week or so of our vacation traveling through the states surrounding Wisconsin looking at colleges which interest us, as it will soon be time for me to make that major educational decision. Right now I am searching for a college not too far from home which has a good business administration or economics department, as these are the fields which most interest me at the present time.

Of course, I recognize the possibility that my career aspirations of today and the field I will eventually pursue may be much different. It is amusing to recall how frequently my sister, Katharine, changed her major in college. She began with biology, changed to mathematics, then to marine biology, and finally to biochemistry. Now that she is a senior, she hopes her mind is settled for good.

As our plans stand now, we will visit Northwestern University, the University of Chicago, and Illinois Institute of Technology in Illinois. In Indiana, we will stop by Indiana University at Bloomington, and in Ohio we'll investigate Miami University.

Although summer vacation seems far away, and the next year even farther, our principal at the Academy, Mr. Drez, has already begun to call in the students to help arrange class schedules for next September. Finishing my junior year, I am completing most of the courses required by all of the Academy students. Next year, I will have a much broader range of subjects from which to select. Father has convinced me to try physics and calculus. These are classes which he teaches, and he is eager for me to be challenged by them, and hopefully enjoy them, too.

I will also be taking several English courses, including a nonfictional essay class, a study of Shakespearean plays, and a history of dramatic literature. I am anticipating an extremely interesting year.

Job applications and interviews with managers always mark the approach of summertime in our household. Everyone seems to get caught up in this mad rush to secure the best job available.



Paul, Adrienne, and Katharine Driftmier at their Uncle Frank Johnson's farm so many years ago!

Fortunately, this year I will be excluded from the seasonal frenzy as I am being offered the same job I had last July and August, giving Red Cross swimming lessons for the Town of Summit Recreation Department.

Last year, because I was not a registered teacher, I taught only the Beginners Class. This year I am going to attend a Red Cross Swimming Camp and receive my Water Safety Instruction Certificate which will enable me to instruct all swimmers from Beginners to Senior Lifesavers.

How I enjoyed last summer. Every morning at eight-thirty I rode my bike six miles to a small, sparkling lake, where three other girls and I worked. Here we each taught twelve half-hour classes before we returned home in the afternoon. I am looking forward to working there again.

On this optimistic note, I remain . . .

Sincerely,
Adrienne

RELIVING THE PAST — Concluded

time went by.

An early Spanish altarpiece painted in 1396 is another treasure which Craig and I found especially interesting. How the colors could stay so brilliant and the artistry so descriptive made it fascinating. The religious paintings throughout the gallery were outstanding.

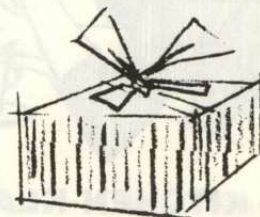
I would have missed the Rembrandts in the Dutch gallery if Craig had not called my attention in their direction. He also found the Picasso model of his Woman's Head, the large scale sculpture we had seen earlier in the Civic Center Plaza. I wanted to spend more time in the French Impressionist section, for the Chicago Art Institute was one of the first to collect and treasure paintings of this period and has an extensive number in its galleries. The colors are spectacular;

the use of light and unusual interpretations of nature delighted me. It was difficult to leave.

"How many times have I said, 'I remember when I lived here it was like?'" I asked Craig as we sat in a little Michigan Avenue restaurant next to Orchestra Hall. We were having a cup of tea before the walk back to the hotel and trying to decide what to do next.

"I've lost count," Craig chuckled. "But that is alright, I expected you to try and show me what it was like when you lived here."

"I know it is impossible for you to see the city through my eyes," I sighed, "But I have tried. I have tried."



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THE PRE-FAB BIRD BUNK

by
Evelyn Cason Tuller

The other morning we watched the activity as our blackbird neighbors cased the vicinity for a likely spot to build their quarters, then went into action with a strange assortment of building materials. Our family played a guessing game about the bird actions. Theories passed back and forth in rhythm with the bird-like comings and goings. Inasmuch as we could not interpret the chirpings and tut-tuttings going on overhead, our curiosity was left hanging, and we have only conjectures to offer for the strange tactics which took shape within our backyard.

We wondered if the use of some of the odd building materials could have been leftover from the days of the Great Depression? Or have the birds become ecology conscious and are trying to help man clean up his environment? Does recession or inflation influence the lifestyle of the blackbird, we wondered?



From the top of a ladder, close-up of Pre-Fab Bird Nest shows plastic bread wrapper, tissue and paper towels used in building the nest.

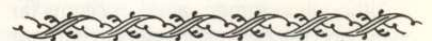
Whatever the reason, the building material in the developing apple tree nest was straight out of *Heloise*, of man-made materials, or more correctly, of man-

made trash. The foundation was a conventional structure. In true native fashion, with a few sticks, twigs and a handful of straw, the birds had laid the cornerstone of their air castle. But from that point on, the blackbirds had branched out into the world and the ways of people.

As we watched from our own hideaway, a forage was made by the birds on the roadside, cadging litter discarded from passing car windows or blown in on some careless wind. Like a trailing banner, the blackbirds came winging in with plastic bread wrappers, the paper from our little neighbor's popsicle, a piece of foam dish which had held some fortunate family's steak, a few facial tissue bits, and a paper towel. Within a few hour's watching time the birds had accomplished what used to require a week's beak-bending effort: *An Instant Bird Nest Project*.

The event remained a puzzle for discussion as the family mulled over the strange turn of bird activities. It took only a little research to uncover evidence that the situation is more common than we imagined, so much so that one earnest bird nest student has collected more than one-hundred such sleazy, thrown-together, nests. Linings have been collected with items including bits of paperback books, cigarette packs, scarves, mittens, charm bracelets, shoelaces, soup labels and nuts!

It makes us wonder just what birds are up to, in their own *now* world, and what such a people-influenced bird kingdom might be coming to. It would be interesting to know just what featherbrained decision really was responsible for the odd building materials our blackbirds fashioned into their nests.



THE LILAC

The name "Lilac" has undergone many changes down through the centuries. Once it was called Prince's Feather, and once it was Duck's Bill. It has also been called Laylock and Blow Pipe Tree. I think I prefer our LILAC!

The lilac belongs to the olive family, natives of the temperate zones of Europe and Asia, but it is now the United States which cultivates it so extensively.

In sixteenth century writings they are described as blue pipe privets. Lilac is a Spanish form of the Arabic word "laylak", and the Persian "nilak", meaning bluish.

There is a Japanese variety which grows very tall but it produces odorless flowers. I do not think that variety will ever be popular here, for who is it that, at the word "lilac", doesn't think first of their heavenly fragrance?

—Mabel Nair Brown



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Howard with Juliana and Kristin.

From Our Family Album

Howard had his orders to get ready to leave for the Pacific Theater of War — the way you heard it referred to countless times if you lived on the West Coast of our country — and that's where we lived.

Howard had virtually no time at all to spend with us — just around 24 hours, if I remember rightly. But Dorothy and I flew into convulsions of activity getting everything cooked that we knew he liked, slicking up the house and, by far the most important part of all, getting Juliana and Kristin rigged up in two adorable dresses that we had made.

There had to be pictures, of course, since there was always the unspoken thought that this might be the last time we'd see Howard and the last time he'd see his two little nieces. We wanted them to smile beautifully for the camera — and **JUST LOOK AT THAT UNHAPPY SHOW THEY PUT ON.**

Dorothy and I were so provoked we felt like giving both kids a good cuff, but we didn't go in for this kind of stuff so we just called it a terrible disappointment and let it go at that.

Even writing these words years and years later I still get sort of mad!!
—Lucile

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

According to spring nursery catalogs, squash likes a rich, loose soil and plenty of room. The rows should be 6 feet apart and the plants 3 feet apart for summer varieties. Winter types take even more space. Plant when the soil is warm and use plenty of seed. You can always thin the plants if they are too thick. Most summer squash should be eaten when very young and immature and the fruits will not store longer than a few days in

the refrigerator. Many people have not discovered the delicate flavor of zucchini or other summer varieties. The summer squashes can be boiled, fried or used in casseroles and seasoned with herbs, butter, onions and tomatoes. There are several excellent recipes using zucchini squash in cakes, cookies and breads. I puree the pieces in a blender rather than grate the squash. If you have never tried summer squash or have grown some and found them not to your family's taste, do try them again. "Greyzini Hybrid" and "Black Zucchini" are good ones to grow and two or three hills will supply an average family with squash.

This is the month we plant sweet corn and often have it nipped by frost if planted too early. The first four rows go in as soon after May 15th as possible and two more plantings are made at two-week intervals to assure plenty of corn for the table and for freezing and drying. Yes, drying. No other method of preserving sweet corn can give you the sweet, nutty flavor that properly dried sweet corn contains. The early "Xtra Sweet" corn that matures in 70 days goes in first. An All-America Award winner in 1971, it is still our favorite early corn. "Illini Chief Xtra Sweet" matures in 84 days and is the one we depend on to supply our winter needs.

Space doesn't allow me to try as many varieties as I'd like but last year I planted a few hills of "Golden Sweet Eh" sent to me by a gardening friend. It will be our third variety this spring as the 9-inch ears were sweet, flavorful and held in prime condition at the roasting-ear stage for more than a week.

It is soon time to plant your marigold, zinnia, cosmos, and other tender annuals in the garden and flower beds. Cover the seed area with wet burlap bags until seedlings appear, or a light mulch to help retain moisture that is so essential to good germination. Thin seedlings on a damp, moist day so the extra plants can be used elsewhere.

Planting dates according to the moon signs for May are:

Above-ground crops: 1, 2, 17, 21, 22, 28, 29, 30, 31.

Root crops: 3, 4, 7, 8, 11, 12, 30, 31.

Flowers: 1, 2, 21, 22, 28, 29.

Kill plant pests: 9, 10, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.
Courtesy FARMERS' ALMANAC.

GREYSTONE — Concluded

a hill observing the seasons as it has these many years. Tiger lilies and violets run rampant and iris bloom in profusion, tending to engulf the steep slope in spring and summer. A gate, creaking on its hinges, swings open to admit the blowing leaves of autumn. In the deep silence of winter, the old house sits quietly, sheathed in ice and anchored to the deep snows, awaiting the traveler who no longer walks the River Road.



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by David Smith

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It's human to try to be great, but it's greater to be human.



—Photo by Saul Studio
Miss Annette Kirchhoff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kirchhoff, of Humboldt, Iowa, will graduate from Humboldt High School on May 15 and will attend Iowa State University, Ames, Iowa, next year.

COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

One of life's joys is certainly our children. Another is watching our wonderful nieces and nephews grow to adulthood. Niece Annette Kirchhoff is graduating from Humboldt High School, where she has been an honor student, a member of the choir, and editor of the 64th volume of the *Nokomis*, high school yearbook. She has been accepted with recognition and award for enrollment at Iowa State University, Ames, where she will major in Home Economics Journalism.

Back in 1936 and 1937, my grandfather, the late R. Jacobsen, (Annette's great-grandfather) showed his journalistic abilities by writing articles for the *Wallaces Farmer*. His column was entitled "Farm Furrows" and gave practical advice about farming. Here is part of an article he wrote concerning Mother's Day, used by permission of the

editor of *Wallaces Farmer*:

The business of making a living is real. There are times when so much is demanded of us, and we are so worn in soul and body that we are inclined to neglect a few things that we really did not intend; but, friends, could we let Mother's Day pass by and not remember the one who made so many sacrifices for us and to whom we owe so much?

She is old now, her hair is gray, there are some wrinkles which you probably caused unknowingly when you were ill or when you seemed heedless of her counsel; but today, no doubt, you are good, industrious, respected members of society. What would you have done without your mothers? Just ask yourself that question.

Then I know where you will go on Sunday, Mother's Day. I know you will drive out to the old home place, you'll tell her once again that you love her, as you used to do so often when you were a little tike. Then, if you can tell her that you are doing well enough, she will be happier than if you had brought her a beautiful bouquet of roses.

And to you farm mothers of the Midwest I bare my head in reverence and respect. May your days be many and the happiest that you have ever known.

Thank you, Grandpa, for those precious thoughts written years ago that are still appropriate today.

A *Mother's Gifts*, a book of praise and inspiration by E. Jane Mall (Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. So., Nashville, Tennessee 37202, \$3.50) is an ideal gift book. Mrs. Mall writes, "In this book we celebrate motherhood, as well as the many and varied gifts which all women acknowledge and for which they are grateful. It may be that there is something in your life which you have not considered a particular blessing, and you will now see it in a different light. Perhaps you have received some gifts of which you have been totally unaware."

The gifts in the book include love and marriage, home, family, friendship, prayer, work, beauty, Scripture, joy, trials, contentment, and life.

On the gift of friendship, Mrs. Mall writes, "All of us need friends. We need someone to talk to and to listen to. Someone to confide in, someone who will share our burdens and our joys. We need a person who loves us in spite of our faults and who understands us."

Concerning the gift of home, we read, "All mothers are aware of the importance of home life. Each mother, in her own distinctive way, makes of the place in which she lives a home for her family. The gift of a Christian home is one of our precious gifts. God's presence, with all its strength and solace and joy, adds another dimension to the word home."

Also found in *A Mother's Gifts* are bits of prose, poetry, and Scriptures. It is a book of writings to help women understand and appreciate their gifts of life more fully, and also to renew their stirrings of faith.



Remember Mother on her Special Day with a gift subscription to the KITCHEN-KLATTER Magazine.

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Address your letter to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



Emily Rowe is James's and Katharine's first cousin on the Lowey side of the house. She lives in Falmouth, Massachusetts.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded notice for the hospital to help out.

The boys are both active in athletics. Andy recently won a bowling tournament there. Aaron has just started bowling this year, and he usually gets the free cola for bowling high score in his eight-year-old division. Last week when Kristin called she told me what a busy week they had had with all the wrestling tournaments the boys had been in. Andy won his division and Aaron lost his decision by only one point, which I'm sure was disappointing for him. Julian just goes along to watch his big brothers, and to keep his mother busy. He was two the last of March, and talks quite fluently.

I think I'll bring this to a close and go outside to work in the yard a little while before dark. Until next month. . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy



MAY

May is enchantment, and a growing thing.

May is the flowers pushing, songs the sparrows sing,

May is the gentle warmth the sunbeams hold,

May is the buttercup's sweet gift of gold.

May is joyfulness that sweeps the world, A lovely fragrance with the buds unfurled.

May is soft harmony of color, wrapped in green,

May is the grace of willow trees and dew pearl's sheen.

May is these things and more.

May is the opening of summer's door.

—Church paper

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JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

have ever seen. This lace had been made by an elderly woman whom Emily had come to know when she spent those years in the Peace Corps in Brazil. Rich was very handsome in his suit, and he was calm and collected too! I guess it was just simply up to the rest of us to have butterflies!

James was the ring bearer (and he called it the "ring burier"!). Katharine was the flower girl and could once again wear that beautiful dress she had worn with such delight at an earlier wedding. I was the matron of honor and Rich's brother-in-law was the best man.

Emily and Rich had chosen to use the formal wedding ceremony from the Book of Common Prayer, and I was deeply moved to hear those traditional vows spoken. I have been to several weddings in recent years which I could scarcely recognize as weddings. To me there is something tremendously permanent and awesome about vows which have been spoken for centuries.

From the church we all adjourned to our home for the reception. Emily had arranged for several floral bouquets of spring flowers and, if I do say so myself, the house looked gorgeous. We had white candles just about everywhere and they were lighted in our absence, so we returned to a virtual wonderland no



Katharine Lowey has lost her first tooth as you can plainly see. She and her dear friend Lisa Adkins make many happy trips to the Children's Zoo in Albuquerque. Many times Lisa's sister Andrea goes with them.

matter in which direction we looked.

In addition to the stunning wedding cake we had New Mexican specialties for the particular surprise of all the New York guests who had flown out to the wild, wild West for a wedding! Let's see . . . we had tamales, posole, tortillas, chili can queso and guacamole. In addition to this we had several big platters of cold meats and an assortment of "different" types of cheese. I guess people had a wonderful time at the reception and I know for a fact that they devoured ALL the food. (I'd had in mind that I might be able to skitter along for a little spell with leftovers!) The final count was 76 guests, and if anyone had asked me in advance if I could get that many people all fed and taken care of in my house I would have shouted: NO WAY!

Emily and Rich left in a shower of rice for their honeymoon and I watched them go with very, very mixed feelings. They will be living in Arlington, Virginia, and this means that my last cousin in Albuquerque has left. I'll be very lonely for a long spell. And I just cannot help but stop and think how many, many family things have happened since I entered the University of New Mexico what now seems years and years ago.

I cannot wind this up without saying that we had a chance to visit with Alison and Mike Walstad (Alison and Emily are sisters) and we also had a chance to see Mary Lea Palo and her family who made it through from Rough Rock, Arizona, in spite of a blizzard. This gave us a chance to say "hello" to little Christopher David who is the newest member of our family.

City photographers don't break their necks when people want something like wedding pictures, but we have a deadline that **MUST** be met for printing reasons.

Now, if those pictures come you'll surely see them. And if they don't come, well give a moment of thought to the way **WE FEEL!**

Your long-time friend,
Juliana

COVER PICTURE

When Juliana was here on her last visit she said to me without any kind of a warming up in advance:

"Mother, I can't even remember when we had a photographer stop by and get a picture of just the two of us, but it's been a long, long time and I don't think we should put it off any longer. Let's get it done today."

Juliana certainly knows that I consider any camera lens a downright evil enemy, and I think she was bowled over when I agreed instantly. (I was even bowled over myself!)

But Time seems to be moving by very, very swiftly these days, and I thought frequently with longing that I wanted a picture of just the two of us—Mother and Daughter. Thus we have this cover for our May issue; we had planned to use it later, but if you read Juliana's letter you know exactly why you are looking at it in May rather than in a later issue!

—Lucile

MOTHER'S DAY PLEA

Don't buy me sweets on Mother's Day
It would only make me fat.

Don't buy me blooms and foliage

We have a garden full of that,

But there is one thing that I'm sure

Is bound to be a winner;

Just think of all the meals I've cooked

And take me out to dinner!

**ON TARGET**

Our folks really knew what they were doing. They reasoned that the women of this world were ready for a household detergent that would free them from endless rinsing and wiping. A cleaner that came to them in powder form, but became a hard-cleaning solution the minute it hit water. Biodegradable, too, so there would be no soapy buildup in sewage systems. Above all, economical.

The women of the Midwest welcomed **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** with open arms . . . and thousands and thousands more discover it each year. Won't you join them?

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A TRUE STORY



My Friends Were Astonished At The Change In My Appearance...

I always pampered my skin . . . Special creams, lotions, exotic balms . . . I used them faithfully. Yet nothing helped, I was ready to give up.

Then something struck me—something I never would have known if my husband hadn't owned and managed a mink farm where we lived.

One day I was serving coffee to three of the men, who handle the mink pelts. These men had worked for my husband for years. As I gave them their coffee, I couldn't help but notice their hands. How smooth and soft they were! I thought about them all that day. In my opinion it had to be something in the body or skin of the mink that made their hands so smooth and soft. And if it was good for hands, then it must be good for the face and throat. Could this be the answer to the signs that alarm every woman?

I told my husband what was on my mind and asked if he could possibly extract some of the oil from the mink pelts. At first he laughed at me, but then agreed I might have a point. He consulted a chemist friend and together they compounded the mink oil with a pure balm base. It was a costly process, but what it produced I believed was priceless.

After I'd used the mink oil my complexion looked fresher, clearer, smoother . . . just like it use to be. There was no doubt about it. My formerly dull, dry skin now had a glowing, dewy look. I was really thrilled! Even my throat seemed petal-smooth and more firm looking. I could hardly believe it. My friends and relatives were astonished at the change in my appearance.

So I gave my precious mink oil a name and put it on the market. It's called Emlin[®] Mink Oil Essential Creme. It contains no hor-

mones, estrogens or steroids—only the pure oil and balm. Already I've received hundreds of letters from delighted users. Many said the effects were beyond anything they had hoped for.

And mind you, there's nothing complicated about the application. (Who has time for elaborate beauty rituals? I'll bet you don't). Just apply Emlin[®] Mink Oil Essential Creme at bedtime and leave it on while you sleep. That's when it works its wonders, helping to penetrate below the surface of your skin replacing lost natural oils, restoring moisture balance, leaving a beautifully lovely skin you never dreamed possible.

I'm so confident my Mink Oil cream can do marvelous things for your skin. I offer it to you with an unconditional guarantee. Just try it. See for yourself, in your own mirror. Many women wrote of gratifying results after only two weeks. Some take longer. But I want you to understand this. If, for any reason, you are not pleased with Emlin[®] Mink Oil Essential Creme just return the unused portion to me, and I'll mail you a full refund, with no questions asked.

Now it's up to you. Here is your chance to have a beautiful attractive complexion at no risk. Fill out the coupon and mail today.

Emily Oliver

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KK57

**Emily Oliver, c/o E.M.O., Inc.
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Please rush Emlin[®] Mink Oil Essential Creme to me. I must be completely satisfied with my results or I may return the unused portion in jar for full refund.

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MOST MEMORABLE MEAL

Dear Lucile:

About four or five years ago on Mother's Day I experienced my most memorable meal. My daughter was the chief cook, and even sent me to the movie in the afternoon. Of course my husband escorted me but my daughter paid for the tickets. I was thrilled, as this was a movie I really wanted to see.

The movie was very interesting. After it was over my husband made a telephone call and came back to say, "Well, I guess we can go home." I was inquisitive as to why he made the call and then a remark like that.

As we drove home he said, "Now,



Howard and Mae Driftmier, with their daughter Donna Nenneman and her husband Tom, are anxious to get this last picture taken so they can land into the cake.



"BURIED" ON WASHDAY?

And had it up to here with lazy laundry detergents and bleach? Then it's time to turn to the **Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Twins: Blue Drops Detergent and All-Fabric Bleach.**

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**KITCHEN-KLATTER
Blue Drops
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and
All-Fabric
Bleach**

when we get home and reach the back door, you are to close your eyes and I'll lead you as to where to go." I did as I was told and was led downstairs to our rec room and carefully seated. Then I was told to open my eyes.

To my surprise we were seated at a round oak table that we have downstairs as an heirloom or antique. It was covered with a white linen dinner tablecloth, and set for two, with candles burning! It was beautiful, and such a surprise! Then the two of us were served dinner by our daughter Debbie, who was then about 11 or 12 years of age, and it was my most favorite meal and one I seldom order because of the price. A lobster dinner!

She had carefully prepared a crisp, green salad, twice-baked potatoes, and the most delicious lobster with a small server of hot butter kept warm by a small candle. The meal was delicious, and I was totally surprised!

Now the funny note to the story: the movie let out earlier than expected, and that was the reason for Dad to call home for an advance warning. Debbie was so rushed getting my lobster fixed that she completely forgot to fix her dad's T-bone steak! So she fixed him a hot dog to eat along with the rest of his meal, and he acted as if it were a T-bone steak!

—L.D., Nebr.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded there in the height of its summer season. Going out after Easter would have meant being there just at the approach of a New Zealand winter.

Our church people are very enthusiastic about the new Bible now on the market. Most of you presently own

the New Testament called *Good News For Modern Man*, and now you will be happy to learn that the Old Testament has been completed in that same English version. The entire Bible in that modern version costs only \$2.50 when purchased from the American Bible Society, and millions of copies are being sold. Of course, many people agree that nothing can ever take the place of the lovely, old King James Version of the Bible, but this new version is a great one to have as an aid in understanding the Bible. I have a rather sophisticated, urban church, and we were surprised and very pleased at the numbers of our people who ordered this new Bible. I use it in my personal devotions each morning, and I find it interesting and helpful.

Betty is standing here at the door of my study with a vacuum cleaner and a dust mop telling me to hurry up, and so I shall bring this to a close. You will be hearing from me again very soon.

Sincerely,

Frederick

FRIENDS

A friend is like an old song grown sweeter with the year,
A friend is one who shares our joys and wipes away our tears;
A friend will look for goodness in everything we do,
A friend is one who knows our faults, yet finds our virtues too;
A friend will share a crust of bread, or help to lift a load,
Happy are we who find a few good friends along the road.
—Unknown

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If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 25¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

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COOKBOOK OF THE MONTH: The Italian Cookbook. Everyone loves Italian dishes. \$1.50 postpaid. The Campaign Company, 474 Manor Drive, Allentown, Pa. 18103

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PRAYER

Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea. —Unknown

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

Nobody ever added up
The value of a smile;
We know how much a dollar's worth,
And how much is a mile;
We know the distance to the sun,
The size and weight of earth,
But no one's ever told us yet
How much a smile is worth.

—Unknown

TELL IT LIKE IT IS! — Concluded
give You, thanks, my Lord.
So be it. Amen

—Joan Wester Anderson in "Our Sunday Westry", *National Catholic Weekly*.
(Used by permission.)

Musical Number for the closing of the program.



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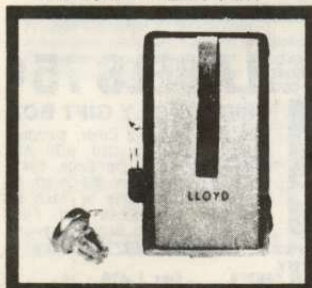
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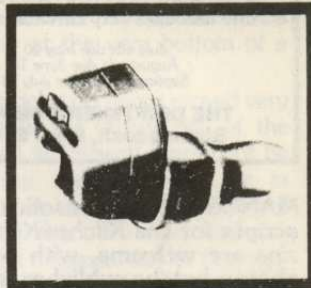
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